

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday June 23. to Saturday June 30. 1705.

On Musick.

Musicks sweet Charms, were once so much
(below'd,
That things inanimate by it were Mov'd:
When Orpheus Sung the Rowling Rivers staid,
And Trees, and Mountains, his sweet Voice Obey'd;
Ev'n Hell it self, was mov'd by that alone,
When his Euridice he did bemoan;
And now, tho' no such Miracles are done,
L' Epine, and Tofts, the Hearts of all have won.

*Ignotum per Ignotius, or a furious Hodge
Podge of Nonfence.*

A Pindarick.

I.

OR Yield, or Dye's the word what cou'd be mean,
That tempted the Corroborated Scene?
Tho' Frying-pans do bite their Nails,
Let Fritters pass in Antient Heraldry,
And Pudding boast its Pedigree:
When Toad's do fight with Bankrupt Quails,
Green Cheese in Embryo, and Lockram Shirts
Do Pole for Knights o' the Shire,
All button'd down the Skirts,
And quibble Votes for the intoxicated Year.

II.

The Semicircular Excursions ran,
Forth to Monopolize the three Legg'd Can;
When Justice Lick-spit kemb'd his Head,
Triumphant Hieroglyphic thrum'd the Law,
And spouting Cataracts foresaw,
That Magazines on bulks lay Dead.
The scouring Egg-shells all besmear'd with blood,
Inveloped in damn'd dry blows,
Detach'd the sudorifick Mud,
And brew'd a pair of stiff Mustachio's.

III.

It gall'd the Winching Brush to bear them say,
That rigid Southern Hogtroughs danc'd the
Tho' Poringers themselves do beat, (Hay;
And Fly-blown Crow, on Vane of Weather-Cock,
Does threshing Floors from hinges knock;
And squeamish Bellows loath their Meat.
Yet grinning Oaks still shew their Butter Teeth;
And fiery Hogs from their Sties,
Do limping Legacy's bequeath,
And jest upon their blind Forefathers Eyes.

The Resolution, to Cloe.

WHY shou'd I thus so bashful be,
Why shou'd I modest prove,
Since Cloe's Eyes have Conquer'd me,
Cloe shou'd know my Love.

Undaunted I should tell the Fair,
With what a Flame I Burn,
It may be she my Pray'rs may hear,
And I may meet return.

Thus, Fair One, I'm resolv'd at last,
My doubtful fate to try,
If you but smile, I Pleasures tast,
But if you frown I Die.

From Cruelty no Nymph we find,
Loves Sceptre long does bear,
Its she who to her Slave is kind,
Looks only doubly Fair.

Thus much more beautiful you'll be,
Thus you'll with goodness shine,
And where each Charms in one agree,
They must be all Divine.

The Country Maid. The Words by Mr.
Sam. Phillips; set by Mr. L——.

I.

NAY pish, nay pew,
Oh fye! what do you do?
For God's sake, Sir, let me go:
I vow I'll cry out
If you offer to do't:
A Gentleman! and use me so.

II.

God's life! what a Man's this?
Lord! what wou'd you have,
Hark! somebody's coming,
If I'm seen I'm undone;
As I hope to be sav'd
I'll set your Nose running,
Therefore let me be gone.

III.

Sure somebody sees!
Oh! you hurt my Knees;

Nay

I vow and protest
My Smock you will tear ;
Ob !---- Ob ! you've done finely,
You've kill'd me at last.

The Farewel.

Farewel to Court and proud Augusta's Charms ;
Farewel to Business, and to Wars Alarms ;
Farewel Ambition, that the World enslaves
With thy obsequious Train of Fools and Knaves.
Farewel to Fortune that assists the Bold,
But no Commerce with Honesty does hold ;
Farewel vain Pomp, and thou more tempting
Gold,
Curst as in Mines thou art, dug up with Pain,
With Labour got, with Sorrow lost again :
For Thee the greedy Merchant plows the Deep,
Whilst I without Thee here securely sleep.
Not to be Lewis wou'd I change this Scene,
Nor for thy Purple give this Coat of Green ;
For thy proud Louvre quit this spreading Oak,
Nor for thy Scepter leave my Shepherds Crook.
Poor Thyrsis thus array'd, commands the Spring,
More lov'd, obey'd, and happier than a King.
His Subjects do not one another hate
For Malice, nor for Jealousy of State ;
But harmlessly the Ewe and crested Ram
Walk side by side, and guard the tender Lamb :
The spreading Deer feeds by his dainty Wife,
Without the Plagues of Jealousy and Strife :
The Herds, as lead by Orpheus, throng to bear
The Murmuring Leaves and soft complaining
Air,
The Bullfinch Song, and Philomel's Despair ;
And thou fam'd Margaritta, tho' thy Skill
Does our cramm'd Theatres with Praises fill ;
I'll ne'er prefer thy Kit-Cat false Applause
To Langly's prattling Rooks, and charming
Daws.
This from thy Shades beholds the joyful Hind,
Tuning his Pipe harmonious as his Mind ;
Views all around more blest than from a Throne,
Possessing all, and yet does nothing own.
O happy State ! to be remov'd so far
From Envy, Pride, and the contentious Bar,
From faithless Friends, and the more faithless
Fair.

Upon Her Majesty. By T. S.

A Wake my Muse, and most harmoniously
Advance thy Notes above the lofty Sky ;
With Sacred Thoughts and Speeches most divine,
Extol Her Name in Whom all Graces shine.
Ob ! happy England, blest art thou alone
Since Pious ANNE advanc'd the British Throne.

...thy Monarch sure did ever see
A Throne so grac't with so great Majesty :
Within her Ivory Breasts doth Wisdom dwell,
Which doth the greatest Monarch far excel.
If ever Angel like sate on the Throne,
It's only Her, and none but She alone.
When Solomon in all his Glory Reign'd,
His Wisdom was by Vices often stain'd ;
But singly She's with Vertues pure array'd,
And by Her Hand is Britain's Scepter sway'd.

To a Necessitated Friend, with a Present. By G. E.

ASK not from whom ; no matter whence ;
True Friendship glories not in publick Thanks.
'Tis a poor Charity, that so is given,
Such pious Frauds will ne'er account for Heav'n.
Nothing a gen'rous Soul can more depress ;
Good Offices, by Ostentation are made less.
Rest satisfi'd in this, that here you find
The great Restorative of lost Repose ;
The one Catholicon, that can unbend the Mind,
When lab'ring in the sharpest Throws.

On a Lady that left the Town, to read Romances in the Country.

BT what offences cou'd the World undo,
The blessing Heaven gave in giving you ?
Or how cou'd it deserve Clæmene shou'd,
Forsake its Joys, for Shades, and Solitude ?
What cause had you to seek a silent Grove,
And to retirement at your Age remove,
Deaf to the Pray'rs of Company, and Love ?
Plays, and Romances, now are all your care,
No Commerce with the Living, you can bear,
The Dead alone your Conversation share.
On these whole Days, and Nights, you can employ
As you were born to taste no other Joy.
Think, Youth, and Beauty, such as you can boast,
Shou'd never thus ingloriously be lost ;
Wast not your Charms on such vain Fooleries,
But hither, Fair One, turn your radiant Eyes,
See here a Swain, that can their Beauties prize
At least, whoever else your Heart obtains,
Let me not fear a Rival in Romance,
Some Heroes for their Courage you approve,
Some for their Constancy, and Faith in Love.
Others for Wit, for Beauty, or whate'er,
The Author's fancy makes them there appear:
Perhaps I want Perfections these possesse,
But I can do, to make Clæmene blest,
What ne'er was done by these, and all the rest.

Advertisements.

+ The First Vol. containing Numb. 24. being made
up with a Title and Dedication, is to be had at H.
Playford's Shop in the Temple-Change, Fleet-street.

LONDON, Printed by T. W. for the Undertakers: And Sold by H. Playford,
in the Temple-Change, Fleetstreet, Tho. Hodgson, over-against Gray's Inn Gate, in
Holbourn, Hugh Montgommery, at the Golden Anchor in Cornhil, Booksellers:
And B. Bragg, at the Blue-Ball in Arumary-Lane, 1705.